

# IMPORTANT

USE NO. 2 PENCIL ONLY

• MAKE DARK MARKS

• ERASE COMPLETELY TO CHANGE

• EXAMPLE:  WRONG  
 RIGHT

## TO USE SUBJECTIVE SCORE FEATURE:

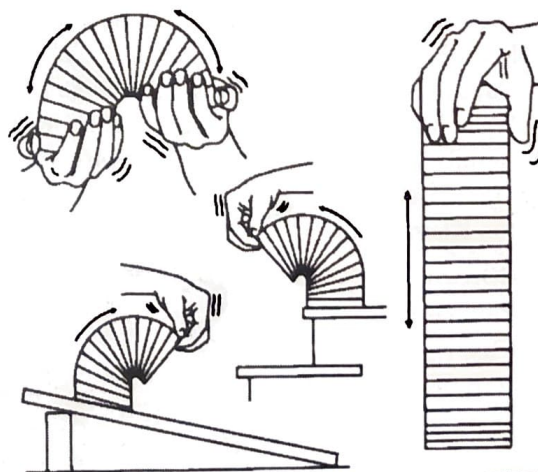
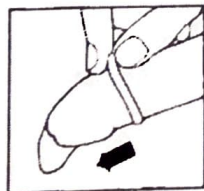
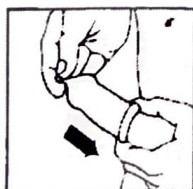
- Mark total possible subjective points
- Only one mark per line on key
- 150 points maximum

EXAMPLE OF STUDENT SCORE:

100	80	60	40	20	0	
50	40	30	20	10	0	10
9	8	7	6	5	4	3
4	3	2	1	0		

# THE OMEN FOR DUMMIES

## A Reference for the Rest of You!



### CAUTION

Do not use in moving vehicle.  
Do not throw coils out any  
window. Keep Slinky away  
from face and eyes

HERE'S A HANDY TIP:  
GO SCREW YOURSELF!

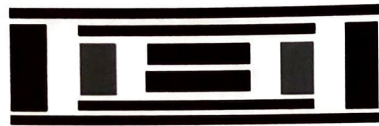




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## The Omen

Volume 10, Number 9

March 6, 1998

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Jordan Strauss.....	Co-Editor in Chief
Michelle Beach.....	Co-Editor in Chief
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"Have you guys been raping me while I'm not looking?" -Wade Stuckwisch



## Submit to us ...

The Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. **We won't edit anything you write** (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as long as you're willing to **be responsible for what you say** (sign your NAME). Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

**Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community** and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 p.m. **Submit to Michelle Beach** (B-311, box 1127) or **Jordan Strauss** (J-309, box 1007). If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to **Mat Lauritsen** (J-304). **We prefer submissions on disk** — IBM or high density Mac — but hard copy is okay. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and **your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times**. What better way to **be heard?**

The Omen is a completely non-partisan forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in the articles are those of the authors alone.

## EDITORIAL

## Spring Break Hampshire Style

by Michelle Beach

Instead of getting to go somewhere and do something for Spring Break (I recently had to reread *On the Road*, and have been itching to travel ever since. Unfortunately, the farthest I've made it is too Umass for a class), I was stuck at Hampshire. I couldn't even go home to Steubenville, Ohio (which is worse than its name).

However, there are a few good things about being here. The food, for one. We bought enough food to easily last until the end of the semester. Not just Ramen and mac n' cheese, but also really good shit like asparagus, pierogies, and artichokes. So we did a lot of cooking (better than Saga, but not quite as good as home).

The other really good thing about Spring Break is that no one is here. It's great. Don't get me wrong. I like people: being locked up without them for too long would not be good, but sometimes it's just nice to be alone. Not as nice as Florida, but nice.

Here are some other insights from my break.

1) Commercials are on crack. Being stuck at Hampshire with nothing but work to do, requires watching a great deal of TV. This was fine for awhile, but after that I began to see the horrors of commercials. As if shows weren't bad enough (Dawson's Creek even

sucks while drunk, and Jerry Springer makes people fight and then finds a moral in it), commercials are worse. Lawyers constantly trying to get innocent people to sue each other, drinking beer, using a computer music making program, and just about everything else attracts girls. But the worst was the commercial for leg medicine - in the form of pills.

2) People write really bad poetry while drunk. For example:

### Freeform Dr. Seuss Poetry

(dedicated to Jack Kerouac)

March 18, 1998, 1:58 a.m.

There was a place called Hampshire College  
Where good girls and boys went to increase  
their knowledge

With frizzle frazz and razzle doo

And kroops that shooped like grizzles do

And at this college was Jordan Strauss

Whose wnak could wrangle like a mouse

his friends would blok and blork and bligst

as if there were no hrazzle hriggt

"Blork Blork!!!" he florked, with much

abluuda.

"Blak Flak Brak Dak. Blargh Bingle

Frooda!"

"Now frazzle all!" (he said all jragy):

"And yungle 'till your toes are angry!!"

ghrak lingle vreck; muuh zooblah zhgleegle,

im bangle drek baooda, freegle—

ork boggle resweng, ooble ghland:

"Im beezle deweezel meezele fnard!"

... and then he died.

The End.

We found this very amusing at 2a.m.

on St. Patrick's Day, when Wade read

it aloud. Now, I'm not quite so sure.

3) The new England coast is neither warm nor sunny in March. In fact, it is rather cold and rainy. But, for those of us not fortunate enough to be able to go to Florida, it was a beach with sand, and waves.

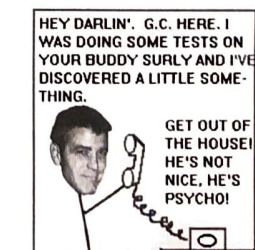
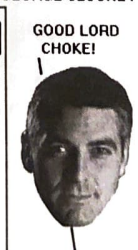
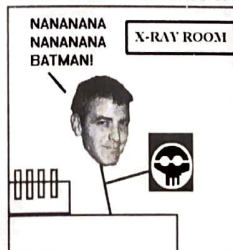
4) The empty Milk Dud's box is a much under used musical instrument, as Wade rediscovered one very late night.

7) Beware of Lobster Hut. It looks nice from the outside but inside they serve fried shrimp on a hot dog bun, there are only very old people, and the bathrooms smell really funny.

8) The New home of Student Affairs renovations are almost complete and people are slowly moving into their new offices. It's interesting how NS can get money, leaving the Gold Coast homeless. And then, the Gold Coast can move in and renovate one of the few student spaces on campus (the living rooms) so they can have a new home. Where do the students have to go? Very soon, students are going to vote on whether or not to create an endowment for a student center. If this passes, future students will have a place of their own. A student center is one way to assure that Hampshire will be around for a long time and that future students will possibly be less bitter.

by Jacob Chabot

### THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF GEORGE CLOONEY







## Hampshire Campus Police Log 2/24 - 3/16

### Motor Vehicle Tows

Feb 24, 4:41a.m.: Prescott vehicle towed from roadway, on tow list.  
Feb 25, 11:17a.m.: FPH Lot, vehicle towed from F/S lot, on tow list.  
Feb 26, 7:30p.m.: Prescott vehicle towed from gate area, on tow list.  
Mar 5, 9:35p.m.: Enfield vehicle towed from fire lane.  
Mar 6, 2:31p.m.: FPH, vehicle on tow list towed from FPH lot.  
Mar 9, 9:30p.m.: Enfield, vehicle towed from fire lane.  
Mar 10, 11:10p.m.: Dakin, vehicle towed from fire lane.  
Mar 14, 8:00p.m.: Prescott, vehicle on tow list

### Animal

Feb 26, 12:35p.m.: Library Lawn, complaint about a dog.  
Feb 26, 3:14p.m.: Bay Road, dog seemed lost, note left for owner.

### Drug Abuse

Feb 27, 12:26a.m.: Drug Abuse Violation, Dakin student smoking marijuana.

### Noise Complaints

Feb 27, 2:42a.m.: Enfield, re 43.  
Mar 6, 12:38a.m.: Dakin, re D2.  
Mar 6, 1:41a.m.: Prescott, re 83.  
Mar 6, 1:43a.m.: FPH, re bands.  
Mar 8, 2:56a.m.: Dakin - unfounded.  
Mar 10, 12:33a.m.: Prescott.  
Mar 10, 12:41a.m.: Greenwich.  
Mar 11, 1:37a.m.: FPH.  
Mar 12, 1:07a.m.: Merrill, re B3.  
Mar 12, 9:25a.m.: Enfield.

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### Etc.

Feb 27, 6:49a.m.: Merrill students on roof, asked to leave.  
Feb 27, 8:13p.m.: RCC unruly patron asked to leave.  
Mar 4, 12:04a.m.: Disturbance, Prescott, nothing found.

### Fire Alarms

Feb 25, 11:05p.m.: Tavern, pull station accidentally activated.  
Mar 3, 12:54p.m.: Prescott, cooking smoke in apartment 94.  
Mar 5, 1:51p.m.: Greenwich, cooking smoke in apartment 22.  
Mar 5, 4:43p.m.: Merrill, unable to determine cause.  
Mar 7, 11:40p.m.: Merrill, cooking smoke in B4.  
Mar 10, 8:26p.m.: Greenwich, cooking smoke in apartment 15.  
Mar 11, 5:38p.m.: Prescott, detector malfunction in apartment 75.  
Mar 12, 6:33p.m.: Dakin, fire in wastebasket in student room.  
Mar 13, 1:11p.m.: Greenwich, cooking smoke in apartment 17.

### Suspicious, unwanted things

Mar 2, 8:22a.m.: Unwanted person, RCC individual trespassed from campus.  
Mar 2, 9:15p.m.: Unwanted person, Music and Dance Building, individual asked to leave.  
Mar 3, 9:15p.m.: Suspicious vehicle, Greenwich vehicle in field.  
Mar 14, 4:25p.m.: Suspicious person, Greenwich, unable to locate

individual.

Mar 15, 8:37p.m.: Suspicious person, Dakin, unable to locate individual.

### Harassment

Mar 2, 2:27p.m.: Enfield student threatened, driving dispute.  
Mar 7, 2:10a.m.: Prescott, unwanted phone call.  
Mar 12, 4:45a.m.: Dakin, unwanted phone call.  
Mar 12, 4:51a.m.: Merrill, unwanted phone call.  
Mar 13, 3:37a.m.: Enfield, unwanted phone call.  
Mar 13, 6:12a.m.: Enfield, unwanted phone call.

### Vandalism

Mar 3, 9:34p.m.: Prescott written in chalk on wall.  
Mar 3, 11:58p.m.: Library, graffiti on door to elevator.  
Mar 7, 7:00a.m.: FPH papers on exterior bulletin board burned.

### Larceny

Mar 6, 11:10a.m.: Merrill, bicycle reported stolen.  
Mar 11, 2:47p.m.: Breaking and Entering, Enfield, several doors kicked in.

### Traffic

Mar 9, 10:49a.m.: Motor vehicle accident, Greenwich, van hit post.  
Mar 9, 1:20p.m.: FPH vehicle booted.

## A call for nominations

by Barbara Reyes

My term as Student Trustee will expire at the end of the 1997-1998 academic year. Our current Student Trustee Alternate, Ellen Luo, will become Hampshire's Student Trustee beginning 1998-1999. I hope you will join me in wishing Ellen luck in her upcoming work with the Board of Trustees.

As such, the **Office of the Board of Trustees will be calling for nominations for the Student Trustee Alternate.** Any student with at least four remaining semesters at Hampshire beginning Fall 1998 is eligible for nomination.

The student trustee and the trustee alternate are expected to attend and to participate in four trustee meetings per year. They are also expected to attend and to participate in meetings of various committees of the

board. In addition to presenting students' concerns and viewpoints to the board, the student trustee/student trustee alternate are expected to report back to his/her constituencies - formally and informally - on matters taken up by the trustees.

The Office of the Board of Trustees also extends its call for nominations for Committee Members (one student per committee). If you want to participate in critical dialogues and decision making on a board committee, consider the following opportunities - each term lasts one academic year:

- **Admissions Committee** - reviews and discusses admission strategies and procedures.
- **Building and Grounds Committee** - considers policies affecting the physical plant, land use, construction, etc.
- **Campus Life Committee** - considers policies affecting nonacademic aspects of student and community life.

- **Education Policy Committee** - considers policies and trustee actions bearing on the faculty and the academic program.

- **Finance Committee** - oversees the financial affairs of the college, i.e. budgets, cash flow, etc. This representative will also serve as *ex officio* member of CHOIR (Committee at Hampshire on Investment Responsibility).

- **Subcommittee at Hampshire on Investment Responsibility (CHOIR)** - reviews the college's investments and, as necessary, recommends changes, in accordance with established guidelines.

- **Resources Committee** - reviews the progress of fundraising, alumni affairs, and development strategies.

Nominations should be given to Ruby Dion by March 28. All nominees must also write a brief (10 lines or less) biographical statement.

## To the Community

by Mark Ribble

Section Looooove? Garsh, what is the Omen turning into? The editors were right on with their title. **It seems that so many of the good ideas are also the ones that can get you shot.** And yet, in this crazy periodical of cynicism and razor wit, maybe we could kindle a little bit (not all, just a little bit) of honesty (honesty?). While I admit that lashing out can be a healthy thing, there's more usefulness in this forum than just that. I was happy to see some dialogue in the past issue. The onion issue is always a hot one; the Yurt got some heat. My own personal opinions on these issues aside, it's great that people are responding and communicating within this forum. Imagine if people could share ideas here minus the ever present negativity. I have this weird feeling like Hampshire students have a lot of ideas. Just think if we were all sharing those ideas. (After all, isn't that what community means?). So yeah - Section Love. Section Love.



To: The Hampshire Community  
From: The Office of the President  
RE: School Reorganization  
by: Lauren Ryder

You may have already heard that we are going to be restructuring the four school system next year. This will be an exciting time for the Hampshire community as we reevaluate our academic program. There are many changes that are going to take place over the next few years and I want to give you an overview.

Defining the school of CCS has always been a difficult job. In order to better clarify the area it has been decided that it will be broken up. Some of its content will be moved into the other schools, and two new schools will be created. HA will soon be Humanities, Arts and Cultural Studies. NS will absorb computer science classes. SS will remain the same. Two new schools, Interdisciplinary Arts and Cognitive Science, will be created. The first will include film, theater, and dance courses and the second will contain all the course which do not fit in the other categories.

Next year will be a transitional period. Entering students will still be required to complete the traditional four Division I's. Since CCS will be undefined at that point, students may do their projects in anything that is not obviously Humanities, Social Science or Natural Science.

For the new millennium, Hampshire will unveil even more changes. The five schools will be split again. They will become Humanities, Cultural Studies, Social Science, Math, Science, Film, Dance, Theater, Philosophy, and Cognitive Science. All these categories will include the obvious classes their name would suggest, except for Cognitive Science, which will have all the classes which do not fit into one of the other defined areas of study.

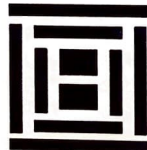
Before you think about how hard it will be to do that many Division I's, let me explain the ground breaking pedagogical advances Hampshire will be making. Instead of the tedious, time consuming Division I project, students will be required to take classes in each of the areas offered. Each class will be worth a designated number of SHEEP (Student's Hampshire Educational Expectation Points). Any Advanced Placement test that entering students have passed will automatically be worth 5 SHEEP. Once the students have received enough SHEEP they will have completed the "Division One Experience" and are ready to move into Division II.

Division II will not undergo drastic changes, except that it will have to be filed the second day the student is on campus.

The Third World Expectation will be changed to The Underprivileged in America Expectation. This will be a crucial part of students' Division II since it will bring to light the economic hardships which exist in their own country. This project requires each student to have lunch with the work study student on campus. Afterwards they are to reflect upon the discussion and write a paragraph, not to be less than 100 words, about the experience.

There will be a new option for the Division III students. The traditional Division III paper could be replaced with additional course work if the student so chooses. This will give more freedom to students to pursue their area of interest in a classroom setting.

The final change, and perhaps the most exciting, is the school's newest logo. The current logo only represents the old four-school system. We hired a team of advertising agents, for a reasonable fee, to create a logo which better represents the Hampshire of the future.



## SHAKEN, not STIRRED

by Dave Killen

Sometimes we of the good old US of A are entitled to a little good-natured ribbing of those many-splendored chunks of land we like to call the "rest of the world." Sometimes we have good reason. Italy, for instance, deserves any grief it gets for its automobile industry (guys, be reasonable - stick to pasta), and France, well, you know about France. But sometimes, just sometimes, this kind of humor can cut across the line from comedy to slander, causing pain and heartache for millions. It is this line that I feel David Killen has crossed in his article "Well, now that Di is dead..." in the March 6 issue of *The Omen*. Mr. Killen is obviously a very angry person, and his projection of this anger onto the innocent country of Britain cannot be left unchanged.

In this column on Britain (if it can be said to be on anything at all), Mr. Killen often misrepresents the country and misinforms the public. He also uses more swear words than *Pulp Fiction*. This is a clear sign of an unfocused, enraged mental state, not uncommon to people of Mr. Killen's background. Normally, I would not feel comfortable assuming to know anything about a person's background, or to insult it as I will shortly, but I feel that my personal relationship with Mr. Killen is on a level higher than "normal." So much do I know about him, in fact, that I sometimes fear for my life; his unpredictable and psychotic mind could easily imagine that I am using this knowledge to bring him to an early and unfortunate end. But I have mustered my courage. Britain must be defended, and defend her I will, what-

ever the price.

Actually, you wouldn't have to know Mr. Killen too well at all to know he prides himself on his Irish descent. He talks about it to anyone who will listen, like they can't tell by his last name, for God's sake. Are you seeing the connection here? Britain. Ireland. Not exactly a happy couple. I'm afraid Mr. Killen has allowed himself to get a little too caught up in his own pseudo-nationalism. I mean really, it's not like he was actually born in Ireland (as far as I know), and even if he was, do you ever see, say, Daniel Day-Lewis or Sean Connery sporting a hat or something with the slogan "Down With Those Fucking British Fuck-Ass Fucking Bastard Brits" on it? No, of course not. Neither Day-Lewis nor Connery is that redundant (or Irish, in Mr. Connery's case). Mr. Killen's assumption that he is on a first-name basis with the IRA is downright ridiculous, and even if it weren't, the assumption that such an alliance could have brought Hong Kong back to Canada most certainly is. Besides, that already happened, back in 1997 (1897 + 100 = 1997. duh.).

I would like to now bring up what I hinted at earlier: David Killen is a twisted freak and I have proof. You don't even have to know him as well as I do; just look at his past articles in this publication. Anything stand out? Sean Connery. *Pulp Fiction*. His own last name. Over and over Mr. Killen attempts to incorporate these items into his writing, presumably for what he believes to be comic effect. I, for one, am not laugh-

## Killen to Killen: Fuck You

ing. It's sad, really. These pitiful attempts at humor are an obvious cry for help, a thinly veiled attempt to hide what lurks beneath the skin. I'm not sure but I'll bet it has something to do with Freud. I do not wish to insult the reader's intelligence, but this is Hampshire, so allow me to connect the dots:

Sean Connery - aka James Bond. The man. Sex appeal up the Walther.

*Pulp Fiction* - cool guys with big guns. Foot massages. Heroin with an adrenaline chaser.

Killen - close to *Killer*. A John Woo movie. Another movie made in Hong Kong was *Rock & Roll Cop*.

And now we have this wildly free-associated trashing of Britain. The phallic symbols need no further explanation. Can you say "sexual frustration?" Mr. Killen is obviously not getting any "action," as I'm sure he would call it, and is instead vicariously releasing his inner tension through these outlets of Sex, Drugs, and Rock & Roll. Not only is Mr. Killen very angry, he is very clichéd. Regardless of what other problems he may have, this man obviously needs help.

Mr. Killen, I implore you, lashing out at foreign countries is not the answer! I suggest you follow the advice of Mark Ribble, in a much happier column in the same issue of the *Omen* as your British debacle, and go to random doors bearing greetings and salutations. This is sure to brighten your day, as well as the lucky owner of the random door. We, the Hampshire community, are here to help. You are not alone.



# Stone Cold Sober Horoscopes

by Michelle Beach, Jacob Chabot, Travis Dale, and Wade Stuckwisch

We no longer look towards the Lord for our astrological readers. After a brief conversation with the pope last week, we discovered astrology is a sin and we will burn in hell for our transgressions. So we no longer believe in the Lord. So here are some words of wisdom for our fellow man.

## Pisces (February 19-March 20)

Sigmund Freud said, "The great question . . . which I have not been able to answer, despite my thirty years of research into the feminine soul, is 'What does a woman want?'"

Despite the fact that women don't have souls; this month, Pisces, women want you. These soulless abominations will beat down your door and you will have to fend them off with a magic bat. It is a well known fact that women carry cooties. You don't want cooties, not this month. Trust us.

## Aries (March 21-April 19)

Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde said, "The only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it."

I bet your name isn't as cool as Oscar Wilde's is. You wish it was. The moral of this story is, yield to the temptation to get

a sex change. You know you want to. Oh yeah, and don't gamble, you'll lose every time.

## Taurus (April 20-May 20)

Thorstein Veblen said, "With the exception of the instinct of self preservation, the propensity for emulation is probably the strongest and most alert and persistent of the economic motives proper."

Anyway, Taurus, what were we talking about before Thorstein so rudely interrupted? Oh, yeah, get out of my house, hot dammit!

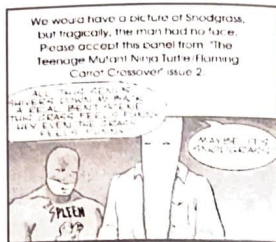
## Gemini (May 21-June 20)

Ayn Rand said, "Everything you've done in your life is wrong according to the stated ideals of mankind. And here you are. And somehow it seems a huge joke on the whole world."

Listen to what Ayn says, Gemini. You're wrong, all wrong. And she's wrong too. If we didn't know any better, we'd tell you to indulge your inner child, but that's a load of bullcrap. Listen to us, we're right.

## Cancer (June 21-July 20)

William DeWitt Snodgrass said, "The sleek, expensive girls I teach, younger and pinker very year, bloom gradu-



ally out of reach."

I know she looked 18, but you should have known better, Cancer. You should curb those sexual urges for awhile and put your energies into something more constructive, like organized crime. Then you can have all the prepubescents you want. You lucky dog.

## Leo (July 23-August 22)

Dorothy Parker said, "Guns aren't lawful; nooses give; gas smells awful; you might as well live."

Don't kill yourself this month Leo, you'll just mess it up. Wait until next month when you will be successful in all your endeavors (as long as they involve killing yourself.) Your lucky numbers next month are 5, 7, and 22, not that it matters

## Virgo (August 23-September 22)

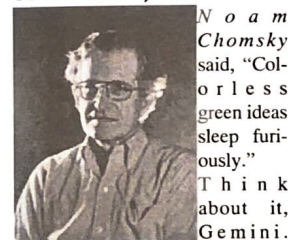
Soren Kierkegaard said, "Philosophy is perfectly right in saying that life must be understood backward but then one forgets the other clause - that it must be lived forward."

Quit walking backwards. Bumping into things hurts. So does slamming the door on your head. So don't do it, no matter how much the peer

pressure. If all your friends jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge, would you? You probably would, you worthless Virgo. Go clean your room.



## Libra (September 23-October 22)



That guy was on crack. Maybe you should be too. It's hip to be on crack. It's all because crack is a friendly drug. Not like mean old Mister Cocaine. That guy is a right bastard, and anyone on him is too.

## Scorpio (October 23-November 21)

Albert Camus said, "A single sentence will suffice for modern



## Sagittarius (November 22-December 21)

Abbie Hoffman said, "Sacred cows make the tastiest hamburger." When Abbie Hoffman was but a lad in short pants, he was teased and bullied and called nasty things (like "Flabby" Abbie) by the older boys. Not that he was fat or anything, they were just mean. This explains the thing about the cows. We can all learn a lesson from young "Shabby" Abbie Hoffman. However, we don't know what that is yet. And even if we did we wouldn't tell you. Some things are better learned on your own.



man: he fornicated and read the papers." If you roll it up real tight you can do both, Scorpio.

## Capricorn (December 22-January 19)

Voltaire said, "In this best of all possible worlds . . . everything is for the best."



You may not believe this, but despite the similarities in their wisdom, Voltaire and Homer were not the same person. In fact, it is believed that Voltaire is a fictional character from the 18th century. It's a fact. What's that, Capricorn? You say you want something pertinent to your life? Well it's good to want things.

## Aquarius (January 20-February 18)

Gore Vidal said, "Some writers take to drink, others take to audiences." I wish I was drunk, Aquarius. Then I wouldn't need you.



THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF MCCOY THE DUCK AND THAT CHICK, LET'S CALL HER... PENELOPE

by Jacob Chabot





## Commentary

by: Casey Nordell Linguistics Editor  
Number One with Linguistics Editor  
numbered One through One  
(A response to "Remember the [Red Scare...  
er, I mean.] ink? Well, it's back!" from  
Omen, Volume 10, Number 9 Number 9  
Number 9...)

There are two types of grammarians: prescriptive and descriptive. An interesting fact about the former is that they suck and are a complete waste of everyone's time. (A rather uninteresting fact concerning the latter is that they prefer to be called "linguists" and not "grammarians.") Prescriptive grammarians are also generally fascist, disillusioned, and uninformed, and the so-called "Militant Grammarians of Massachusetts" are no exception. I have so many contentions with their dogmatic ideas, that I hardly know where to start (or end!).

My first question to these "grammarians" would have to be "What the hell is Standard English?" Standard by who's standards? There are many different dialects of American English, which is in turn a dialect of a much larger set of English dialects. American English is in itself a "bastardization" of British English, by the MGM way of thinking, so perhaps we should put a big red "X" though all of American English! Further, I would even argue that there are about two hundred million dialects of American English, and that we each speak one. The point I'm trying to make here is that there is no such thing as "Standard English" (Christ! That sounds so stuffy! I can't believe that some first year and his mere eight cronies are bitching about what my grey eighth grade teacher used to hit us with rulers over, and what's more, they're trying to make it look like it's some sort of state-wide

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## MGM: a Studio, not losers with too much spare time!

movement or something! Ha!) Sure, you could find some book that lists a (partial!) set of rules for something called "Standard English," however, it may disagree with other similar books in certain respects, and it will certainly disagree with similar books written ten, twenty, and thirty years ago. The point is that English is a living language. That means it changes over time, unlike, say, Latin for instance (if someone were going around enforcing "Standard Latin," I would have no qualms whatsoever!). For that matter, something like C++ (a computer programming language), Esperanto (an unused artificial language), or algebra could be enforced as some sort of standard because these are all artificial, static, standardized languages. (By the way, all attempts to standardize English are equally as artificial, and perhaps more importantly, a relatively recent phenomenon). So, anyway, since English changes over time, it is the speakers of the language which affect the grammar books, not the other way around. In other words it's the speakers that set forth the "standards" of English, not some stuffy textbook that's trying to catch up to them with each new edition. This means that if everyone is using English improperly, as the MGM's declare vehemently, then really, they are using "proper" English and the MGM's are simply holding on to a ridiculous outdated ideal and actually holding back English from its natural evolution as a living language.

Right this very minute we are in the middle of several changes in the language (and in these cases, as usage sways, a generation is left with several "correct" ways to say certain

things). Let me give you concrete examples. The subjunctive is dying. In other languages, the subjunctive is a rich and important case. In English, I predict that it will be history in one generation, two at most. For those who don't know, the subjunctive is a special verb tense used in certain hypothetical constructs. Two examples that spring to mind are, "wish" and "if." For instance, an ex-president would say, "I was president," while someone complaining about a current president's actions would say, "If I were president..." and a dreamer would say, "I wish I were president." According to "standard rules of English," the subjunctive form of "was" is "were." But listen to everyone speak, in songs ("What if God was one of us?" [What if I were Joan Osborne...]), television, books, casual conversation, etc. Hardly anyone uses the subjunctive anymore. It is an entire verb tense in English at the end of a slow and painful death.

Another example is "whom," the objective case of "who." Also in flux, sometimes you'll hear it used ("To whom are you giving that present?") and other times not ("I'm going to fuck who?"). This would be the equivalent of saying, "I'm going to fuck he." as opposed to "I'm going to fuck him." However, again, I predict that "whom" will be a dinosaur in one or two more generations of speakers. Another example is the increasing use of the word "lit" where "lighted" used to be. Who knows what causes these changes? And who could possibly pass moral judgments concerning them? English is constantly in flux, swaying back and forth through the throes of grammatical "incorrectness."

This brings me to my second

## DICTATORSHIP OF THE PROLETARIAT: The Revolution Ends

by Comrade Wade (ex-Puppet Dictator/Movie Dictator)

A Message to the Hampshire Proletariat from the Omen Council of Doom  
**THE REVOLUTION IS OVER.  
LONG LIVE THE REVOLUTION!**



An agreement has been reached between the petty bourgeois editorship of the Omen, headed by Jordan "Queen Mum" Strauss, and the People's Clandestine Editor Junta of the Omen Council of Doom. Certain concessions have been made by the current editorship, concessions which are concurrent with the interests of the PCEJ(OCD). Therefore, the Council of Doom has decided to temporarily cease the bi-weekly publication of our manifestos and communications regarding the Revolution. As part of this agreement, I have agreed to temporarily vacate the titles of Editor In Chief and Supreme Puppet Dictator in exchange for the title of Movie Editor/Dictator. This of course does not mean that no one else can write movie reviews: **it means that I now have a meaningless editorship with a much nicer title than "Lame Duck Editor."**

Communications from the Omen Council of Doom will cease until we consolidate our power and secure complete control of the editorship of the Omen. At that time, all will be revealed about the Council of Doom, the identities of the People's Clandestine Editor Junta (it's really not just me), and how this whole silly thing got started. At that time we will also publish our 13 Point Plan to Improve The Omen and Destroy Hampshire College.

As one final note, the former Puppet Dictator would like to express that if Spiritual Advisor Aemily Dara Reshen ever refers to him as "Puppy Dick" again, her ass is going to Siberia on a silver platter.

Long Live The Revolution!

Wade Stuckwisch, representative  
People's Clandestine Editor Junta  
Omen Council of Doom  
(Movie Editor/Dictator)

point, which is: **what are these idiots trying to achieve by censoring everyone's right to free speech, just because they think that "poor" grammar and spelling are inexcusable mistakes?** If there is one purpose of language it is to communicate ideas to others. If a sentence is grammatically incorrect to such a (limited) degree that it can be corrected by the MGM's, then they understood what was being said in the first place, and if it isn't then the MGM's cannot complete their task! In other words, the entire goal of the MGM's is unattainable or pointless (if not both). If one can understand what was being said, then there's no reason to correct it. For instance, a completely unam-

biguous error that I saw marked with red ink today was "Tell the lab assistant of any problems on the machine your working on," as opposed to "Tell the lab monitor of any problems on the machine you're working on." Please, please, please, someone tell me how the first sentence could possibly be misunderstood because of that tiny error. There are actually two other things I would change about that sentence concerning grammar/elegance (if I were proof reading it in a paper or something), but I won't even mention what they are here, because it goes against my entire point which is correcting people's speech is pointless!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Finally, I'd like to comment on one stupid thing (out of many!) that was said in the MGM article: "if advocacy of Standard English is 'fas-

cist,' is not its use just as fascist?" No! That's the whole point! And the MGM's are missing it! (It's also one of the stupidest things I've ever heard in my entire life!) That's like saying, "If enslaving an entire country of people and making them do what you want is fascist, isn't making oneself do what one wants also fascist?" The point here is that anyone can say whatever the fuck anyone wants (need I add the cry: "First Amendment!") but you don't have control over what other people say. The reason people are scared of making some minute grammatical mistake in the eyes of the MGM's while replying to them is that this is the "Grammar Scare," similar to the "Red Scare." Just as defenders would say, "Wait! My friend is not a Communist, don't accuse him of such

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# Straight from the horse's arse

Parental memo to Strauss #001

Dear Mr. Strauss,  
I am the father of Omen writer Bert Cattiverra. Coincidentally, I am also a Hampshire student. I entered Hampshire College in that fall of 1970, Hampshire's inaugural year, and I have yet to complete my NS Division I. This is my 56th semester here; nevertheless, the Advising Office can do little to intimidate or harass me about Division I's, because I am under the original student contract. In 1997 dollars, I estimate that I have spent over \$9 million on tuition.

I have witnessed the sordid history of Hampshire College first-hand. For example, it was I who oversaw the construction of the so-called "Yurt," a project which began back in 1975 and is presently nearing its final phase. In the Mongolian tradition, **the Yurt was originally constructed using animal pelts, which I obtained by skinning a few dozen hippies.** But, alas, the liberals objected to my offensive edifice and tore it down in a fit of righteous indignation.

I was present when the Tavern served actual beer, and when Elvis Presley performed an impromptu set at the Red Barn back in '76. I was also here when President Nixon threatened to "nationalize" Hampshire College because it was encouraging dissidence.

I have observed protest rallies and peace marches, and yet my favorite demonstration was the "Bomb Iraq Rally" organized by my loving son.

I was drinking whiskey before you were even born, Senator.

Recently, I completed my Division II, a contemplation of Aquatic Mammalogy and the Cultural Effects of Deep-Sea Fucking. My son informs me that you are a powerful member of Community Council, and I respectfully request that you direct your considerable influence toward having my Division III waived, due to my advanced age and deteriorating health. I am, of course, quite willing to bribe you with substantial riches. Also, please sponsor a resolution to rename the Pine Forest the "Nathaniel Hawthorne Forest of Doom." Ho ho!

Please respond to my requests. You can e-mail me, if you wish, at [bjc.F70.www.WWF.com.wcw@hamp.hampshire.edu.bert.sr.yourmom](mailto:bjc.F70.www.WWF.com.wcw@hamp.hampshire.edu.bert.sr.yourmom). Unfortunately, since I came of age in the 1960's, I have been excluded from the global conspiracy known as the Internet. Please reply through less exclusionary channels.

Senator, you're no Jack Kennedy.

Paternally Yours,  
Bert J. Cattiverra, Sr.



## Who needs grammar anyway?

continued from page 11

things!" and the accusers would say, "(Then,) you're a Communist too!" similarly, those replying to the MGM's stupid and annoying accusations are afraid of being ripped apart and called ungrammatical.

Perhaps the most important point I can make here is that it's fucking annoying as hell when people correct other people's grammar! Per-

haps the MGM's don't realize that some of us hate being corrected in their grammar just as much as the MGM's hate seeing "improper grammar." I think I'm speaking for many of us when I say, "Find something else to do with your time, Orion! Like finish your Div I's or something. (And maybe take an Intro. to Linguistics class somewhere in there and learn something about

what you're bitching about!) And I don't give a dingo's kidney what you think of any grammar errors you've found in this article while you were beating off to the act of looking for them! I write the way I write for a reason and the grammatical errors I make are intentional and often artistic, buttfuck, as well as none of your business (not to mention, the job of the Omen editorial staff [hence the stem "edit" in there] to correct, not you or me). To err is human!"

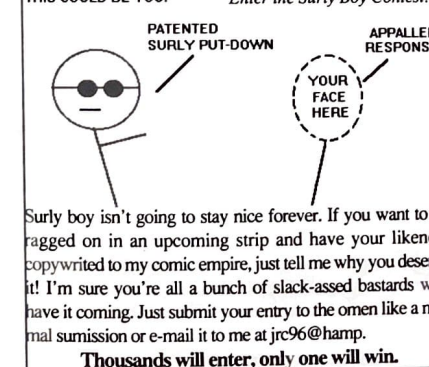
## The Omen at the Movies

by Wade Stuckwisch, Movie Dictator

Well, I guess since I'm declaring myself official Omen Movie Dictator, I ought to write some reviews. So here goes. The last two movies I saw in the theater were *Dark City* and *The Big Lebowski*. Since I saw *Dark City* first I'll start with it.

*Dark City*, directed by Alex Proyas (*The Crow*) is a sci-fi surrealist film noir about a guy who wakes up and finds he's being framed for a murder. **I hate waking up like that.** The moment I started seeing previews for this film I wanted to see it. I wasn't sure whether the script was going to be any good, but from the previews I was sure it was going to be eye candy. I pretty much got what I expected, including the weak script. Well, maybe not a weak script as much as a script with a lot of unused potential. The beginning is great, when you have no clue what's going on (the opening sequence where the main character wakes up in the bathtub is amazing too), but as the facts are revealed the film starts to lose its mystique. They could have said

THIS COULD BE YOU! Enter the Surly Boy Contest!



## Dark City and The Big Lebowski



some really profound things about identity in the film, too, but for a large part the film completely sidestepped any kind of intellectual issues.

On the plus side, this film looked great. The special effects were dazzling and tastefully done for the most part, even with the computer-generated effects orgy that ends the movie. On the minus side, the music was awful (and it never went away!) and what the fuck was with the wires? Didn't you guys learn how to hide wires in Special Effects 101? Basically, this movie really, really wanted to be *City of Lost Children* (they even reference it at least one point). It's a pretty good knockoff but it's nowhere near as good as the original. Then again, Riff Raff from *Rocky Horror* was in it. I think that makes it worth seeing all on its own.

**THE BIG LEBOWSKI IS THE FUNNIEST MOVIE I'VE EVER SEEN.** Good, now that I've said that, I can babble for the rest of the review. Now, I know that I make fun of hippies in the Omen a lot. Actually, I only hate hippies as an abstract concept. Most of the ones I've actually met are okay people, and on top of that I'm usually actually making fun of second-generation crunchy granola hippies, not the real thing. Jeff Lebowski, a.k.a. The Dude, is the coolest hippie alive. He's an ex-

student revolutionary who is now living on the Timothy Leary dream of turning on and dropping out, achieved by spending his days bowling, mixing white Russians and rolling joints. He gets mixed up in a kidnapping scheme through no work of his own, but that's not what matters in this movie. What matters is the characters. There's The Dude (Jeff Bridges) and his two best friends—an unstable Vietnam vet, played with Oscar caliber by John Goodman, and quiet Donnie, played by your favorite character actor and mine, Steve Buscemi. There's the other Jeff Lebowski, a crippled millionaire, and his trophy wife, a nymphomaniac about a third of his age who paints her toenails lime green. There's the rich Jeffrey Lebowski's sister-in-law, a Los Angeles artist who paints by flying naked across her studio on ropes (played by Julianne Moore). There's a group of German nihilists featuring, among their ranks, Flea. There's the lavender wearing bowler Jesus who's also a convicted pedophile (played by John Turturro, who now commands much more of my respect). It's all about the characters. I don't know what else I can possibly say, other than reiterating the fact that *The Big Lebowski* is the funniest goddam movie I've ever seen. Go see it, you fool!

Well, that's it. I'll go see more movies, and possibly bring a notebook so I can remember characters' names. Later.





SECTION

HATE!

# Bitch, Bitch, Bitch

by Paul Boyer

The Omen needs help; of this there can be little doubt. This is not to say that the Omen is bad, but over the past few months problems have become evident. As someone who has been a reader of the Omen since the second semester of its existence, I feel that I can, without fear of contradiction, say that the Omen has indeed "gone soft." Recent attempts to remedy this situation have often proved less than successful.

While Wade Stuckwisch's Section Hate article on the Yurt in the last issue certainly had hate, I can't help but feel that this hate was somewhat misdirected. How anyone can have strong feelings for the Yurt, either positive or negative, makes little sense to me. It's a fucking gazebo. How controversial can a gazebo be? Sure, it's an expensive gazebo that has been under construction for approximately four years, but it's still generally harmless. As for the \$12,000, unless I am mistaken (which is not completely impossible) none of that money came from the school. How some hippies raised \$12,000 to build a fucking gazebo is beyond me, but apparently they did it. I must admit the Yurt is pretty pointless; there are few activities which could be performed in there that couldn't be done in a Dakin single, and as for the \$1,500 which the project seeking, let us just hope that people consider this very carefully before they start throwing any tuition money at it. However, in a college which gives grants of \$200 so people can eat hamburgers for no real reason other than that they're perhaps feeling a bit hungry, I don't know what to expect.

But I digress, this article is not

about the Yurt nor the Hampshire Hamburger Collective nor is it even about fiction. It's about community service for my Div II. But more specifically, it's about the Omen. Now the most heinous example of Omen softness, contrary to popular belief, is actually not apologies to the Forward. It is the "Bitch the Omen" issue from sometime last semester. "Upaki's 50 page load of crap was disgraceful. The guy did submit it and there's no reason why they shouldn't print it in its entirety, but for Christ's sake make fun of the cretin! Not a single word of mockery appeared in that entire issue. As a former Section Hate editor (I only wrote two articles, one of which was never published, but it was a position which I held) I worked under Jon Land and I know that he would have at least reserved the right to write his own headlines which would have mocked the articles over which they appeared, particularly in that case. But the Omen remained silent on the matter. If it had been Section Hate editor (a position which has regrettably disappeared) I would have killed for such an opportunity, but the Omen passed it up.

I suppose my main gripe is that one of the primary functions of the Omen, or at least of Section Hate, used to be to make a mockery of incoherent students and student movements that desperately deserved it, and have been seeing less of that. Though I suppose it is possible there have been fewer such people recently. There must be a plethora of them. What fifth year student doesn't remember the anti-mow-

ing group, the democracy wall, the bomb threat, the anti-clam-bakers, the "press conference," the speak out, etc. There hasn't even been a "smoke-in" this year. Somehow the Yurt just doesn't quite do the trick. I'm sure the cretins are there, we just have to find them.

To aid readers and staff alike, I have made a list of further positive and negative aspects of the Omen.

## Negative:

- The benevolent stance on The Forward
- The hippie chick from Alaska. What the fuck is the deal with her? Does anyone give a shit what sort of "eternity damaging" she's doing up in Seward's Folly? I didn't think so.
- The practice of using the original title of a column on all subsequent columns. "Being a Feminist Makes it Hard to Get Laid", "White Trash Saturday", crap like that. The second "White Trash Saturday" was about fucking Vikings. I don't recall "Saturday" even being mentioned.
- "Shaken, not Stirred" and "Mat's Machismo Corner." Both of these have recently printed god-awful creative writing in lieu of any sort of article. As for Dave Killen's recent article against the Brits, since when could Britain try to "take back" something they never owned in the first place (i.e. Texas)?

## Other lame crap

## Positive:

- Surly Boy. I like Surly Boy
- I am sure that there are some other good things about the Omen as well, but the negative things are much more fun, and no one wants to hear about anything that's doing just fine.

(Author's note: this list has no legitimate purpose.)



# Hampshire College: A Den of Thieves

by Wade Stuckwisch

We live, ladies and gentlemen, on a campus of thieves. Theft at Hampshire ranges from petty crimes such as stealing food from lounge fridges and stealing furniture from lounges to bigger acts of larceny such as taking bicycles and VCRs to absolutely ridiculous crimes such as the copy machine that went missing from FPH. The basic rule seems to be, if it's not chained up and locked down, it's in the public domain. This is a continuing problem on campus, not just some new phenomenon to crop up this year. Some people would probably like to claim that these crimes have been perpetrated by off-campus elements not associated with the college, but in reality we know that some of these crimes must be being committed by students. An easy explanation for why theft is rampant on campus would be to blame our Wavy Gravy "We'll put up a note" campus security force. But then again no one likes police harassment at an ultra-hip liberal arts school like Hampshire. So instead of assuming that the lack of concrete consequences is what has inspired a number of punk-ass bitches with no respect on campus to believe they can walk off with anything they want, I'm going to lay blame on certain, shall we say, archetypes of students prevalent on campus who have encouraged the lack of respect for people's property. (Because stereotyping, my friends, is what the Omen is all about.) Read on.

The first contributing factor is that we live on a campus full of hippies. These nouveau faux flower children have saturated this campus with the "It's all good" mentality. As far as

private property goes, the "It's all good" philosophy works something like this... **"It's all good. I would like a VCR. There is a VCR here. Want is not good. Ergo I will take this VCR because, as everyone knows, it's all good."**

Of course this doesn't take into account the feelings of the poor bastard who laid down serious cash to purchase his or her VCR, but such things are of no concern to the "It's all good" mind.

The second problem is that we live on a campus full of Communists. Hampshire has enough Reds and pinko commie symps to give Joe McCarthy a coronary. Now I love Marx as much as the next Hampshire wannabe leftist who has never read a word of Marx, but unfortunately the Hampshire communist mentality seems to have developed into some mutant philosophy that precludes property rights. What the young Hampshire faux commie forgets is that we live in a capitalist system where the worker had to slave at a shitty job for weeks to pay for that Playstation you just swiped. (Asshole.)

The third problem is that we live on a campus full of rich kids. Rich kids seem to fail to understand concepts such as the fact that money is not something that comes on a regular basis from Mommy and Daddy. Money is a scarce resource. Money is what Mommy and Daddy send to Greg Prince on a regular basis. Money has to be earned, often by slaving

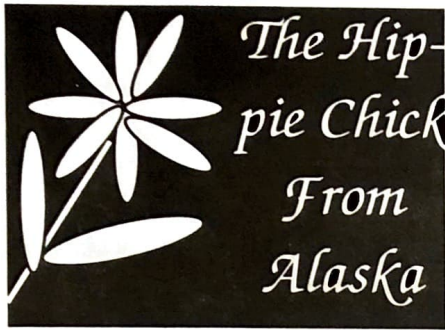
away at some shitty-ass job for \$5.15 an hour so that you can afford books and tuition. Many students don't seem to realize that quite a number of Hampshire students can't run home to Mommy and Daddy saying, "My bicycle got stolen, can I please have \$500 for a new one?" and get a pat on the head and a check. No, really, we can't. When something gets ripped off, it's gone. Forever. ASSHOLE.

The basic message of this article is certain punk criminals on this campus need to have some respect for other people's shit. It's NOT all good, it doesn't belong to you and someone had to work some extremely long hours to earn the cash to buy it. Even if something isn't very valuable or belongs to the school (lounge furniture, food or dishes in lounges, etc.), doesn't mean you can just have it. Why? Because IT'S NOT YOURS, STUPID. Someone was using it.

What if you have had items stolen from you? I suggest you go through the following steps. First, ask around and find out who did it. Second, **blow the mother-fucker's head off with a shotgun.** Third, take your shit back. The advantages to this process are 1) you get your stuff back, 2) it immediately reduces the number of thieves on campus by one, and 3) it might get Public Safety to pay a little more attention to theft on campus. I suggest that certain people on campus (i.e. thieves, Public Safety and the administration) examine this system thoroughly before it becomes implemented by some poor bastard sick of getting their shit ripped off.







by Jen Howk

*"Absolute power corrupts; power corrupts absolutely." - Lord Acton*

I took my lunch outside today, in a little cement oasis nestled between the capitol building and the state courthouse, and itemized my blessings on the 1040EZ of life. Great weather, great job, great family, great friends, great dog. I could see the light-freedom and adventure were nigh-just two weeks more in Juneau, ticket to Seattle in hand. My bliss and I were doing just fine when I felt someone watching me, turned around, and saw a small group of prisoners being herded into the basement of the courthouse. Some of them staring at me vacantly, some of them just squinting at the mountains and sea as if they withheld critical evidence.

As the orange blur of state-issued jumpsuits and the horrible, hollow sound of their shuffling feet and shifting chains disappeared into the bowels of the Diamond Courthouse, it occurred to me that my good fortune, or good luck, or privilege or destiny or whatever you want to call it, was separated from theirs only by this ritually approved barrier of the state, this most holy of consecrated public institutions. Behind us stood the

# State-approved lunch hour?

state capitol, my workplace and workplace to the state's most powerful and influential people-including the one person with absolute power to pardon any one of those orange jumpsuits. The same person, coincidentally enough, with absolute power to control my employment with the State of Alaska.

It occurred to me that Alaska's movie-star governor retains the same measure of control over **Jen Howk, state employee as Jen Howk, state convict.**

Not that this was anything I didn't already know. Just like I already know I'm going down with the ship if one day a disgruntled constituent and his concealed handgun permit decide to pay the gov a visit on my shift. But I haven't internalized that, and I continue to report to the front desk every afternoon, line of fire be damned. Similarly, I haven't internalized the absolute power the state has over its citizenry, and the extent to which I've allowed my-

self to become an integral component of that structure.

There I was, surrounded by the capitol, the court, the sea - firmly in the middle of this microcosm of power, just as I am in the magnified existence of my daily life. There I was, scheming an escape of my own alongside heaps of convicts. And there I was, self-righteously suffering the vacancy of merit in my current 9 to 5, appeasing the transcendental within by sitting in the sun on my state-approved lunch hour, while souls were slipping through the cracks in my paradigm. Untenanted souls, disrupting my sense of innocence and balance, and destroying my sense of justice.

